



He is Mine by Venomis

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Summary: On his new school, Ivory sets her sights on Will. Will - inexperienced with female attention - doesn't know what hits him. Before he knows it, she calls him her boyfriend. While Will is trying really hard to ignore his confusing feelings for Ivory's older brother, the boy confides that his sister's motives to hang out with him are a little off...

1. The Fall

A/N – A little author's note; this story takes place after the third season. I kept Hopper alive, that was better for the story line. :) Happy reading!

...

He'd never wanted to move. Even when people were talking behind his back, even when they were calling him Zombie boy, even though he'd been *very* close to dying a few times – Hawkins had been his home. Sometimes it had felt like he was becoming alienated from his friends because two years of his life had been torn away, but at the moments they needed each other they'd all been there. Unconditionally.

Yet, he hadn't objected when his mom wanted to move. After being alone for such a long time, she had finally fallen in love again. With Bob. And although Bob had felt like an intruder in the beginning, Will had liked him eventually. But then Bob died. His mother's heart broke; he could still see the pain in her eyes, every day new wrinkles seem to conquer her face. She needed a new start, far away from the place where she'd almost lost a child, where her lover had been mauled by a monster.

How then could he complain about a lack of friends? He had nodded when his mom told him there would be nice people on his new school too, even though he didn't believe he would make friends. He was odd. People already had told him so before he was pronounced dead and came back to life. Things wouldn't be different here.

But he would overcome this. He had to. For her.

Luckily she was no longer alone. She was with Hopper now, since a couple of weeks. After the fight with the Mindflayer not much had been left of his house, and although their relationship had been new, he and El had moved in with them.

El – who had become his stepsister now. He liked El, and he liked having someone around who knew what he'd been through. Still, he

found it hard to have her close the whole time, even when they both did their own thing.

Sharing a house with five people – he just needed to get used to it. And after everything that had happened, he got a headache often and he quickly felt like he was suffocating. Already during his first week he'd found a favorite spot in the woods surrounding Willowdale. It was a stone ruin of which two walls still stood upright. There were arches in it, reminding him of a castle. A with moss overgrown stairs led upwards, and from the top of it he could climb on the wall so he was sitting about 12 feet above the ground. That was where he liked to sit, his sketchbook in his lap. He could draw for hours. The ruins would change into a solid fortress, horses would trot across the pavement and captains shouted at their men because the enemy was on the way. A red glow in the distance announced the arrival of the Urg'pits; fire orcs setting everything on fire.

He missed plotting D&D campaigns. Even though he had decided that he was too old for those games, the images kept haunting him. Somehow they needed to leave his mind. Illustrating them was a solution, just like writing them down. Maybe he could write a book one day.

He took a green pencil from his pencil case and started to draw wood trolls who were conscripted by the good guys. If not, it would definitely be an unequal battle. Biting on his lip he continued to work on the scene, for a moment forgetting about everything. About the fact that he had to go to his new school tomorrow, the commotion at home, the nightmares that were haunting him...

A branch snapped. A nasty sensation glided down his neck.

He snapped his head to the side. Because of the wild movement he lost his balance. Briefly he caught a glance of a person wearing black, then his fingers grabbed for a hold. His sketchbook slipped off his lap, his pencil rolling away and falling down.

Fearful screaming he tried to find back his balance, but the wall on which he was sitting was too small. His heart pounded painfully in his chest when he fell. His hands clawed for the upper side of the wall, his fingernails scraping the rugged stone. Somehow he managed

to swing down his legs so he wouldn't fall on his head.

Nevertheless he hit the ground so hard his legs collapsed. A gruesome pain flashed through his ankle and he cried out in pain. The rest of his body slammed against the forest floor as well. Groaning he kept lying on the ground. Stars danced before his eyes, his breathing stuck in his throat because the panic was struggling to get out. The pain – oh the damn pain!

Through a haze of tears he noticed that someone crouched down next to him. The person that startled him! Wiping his wet cheeks he sat up, still sobbing quietly.

"Where does it hurt?" a boy's voice sounded. For a brief moment the other touched his knee.

Will rubbed his eyes, taking a few deep breaths. Then he looked up, right into the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen. They were an icy blue and belonged to a boy who was a couple of years older than him, probably around his brother's age. His face was pale and had an even complexion, his pitch black hair falling straight down halfway his jaw, his bangs combed to the right. In his ears he was wearing black buttons. He didn't exactly look like an average teenager and with his black leather jacket and dark jeans he reminded him of a rockstar.

"My – my ankle," he stammered.

"Let me take a look."

Will was still a little bewildered that someone had shown up at this place, let alone that the person was so helpful. The boy rolled up his pant leg and started to untie his shoe. His fingers felt ice cold as he carefully touched Will's ankle.

"I think it's sprained. Can you stand?"

Will tried to get up, but the moment he put pressure on his foot the pain spread through his leg. Tears were stinging in his eyes. He felt ashamed for the fall and he stared at his knees. "I can't," he whispered.

What now? Should the boy warn an ambulance? Or should he just bite the bullet? The boy walked away from him. For a moment he thought he would abandon him, then Will realized he was gathering his drawings.

Will swallowed. Nervously he picked at a cut in his jeans. The boy reached out his bag and his drawings and sketchbook.

"You're really good at drawing."

Skittishly Will looked up, afraid the boy was mocking him. A blush spread across his cheeks when the boy didn't make an attempt to make fun of him. "Thank you," he muttered.

"I'm Onyx."

Onyx... It was a strange name, but somehow it fitted this boy who looked so different and cool.

"Will," he answered softly. He took his stuff from the boy and put it in his bag.

"Okay Will." Onyx crouched down next to him, laying a hand on his shoulder and giving him a firm squeeze. "Let's try to get you on your feet."

Will took a deep breath and nodded, knowing he couldn't stay here forever.

"Lean on me."

The leather of the jacket stuck to Will's clammy hand when he grabbed the boy's shoulder, trying to get up. He put no pressure on his hurt foot, but the moment his toe slightly touched the ground the pain flared up again. He whimpered. Even limping would hurt. Discouraged he sank back to the ground.

"I can't. Maybe – maybe the pain will go away later. I – I'll wait a little longer. You don't have to stay with me."

"It's getting dark soon. I'm not leaving you here." Onyx grabbed Will's backpack and swung it over his shoulder. "I'll carry you to my

motorcycle."

Before Will could object, the boy shoved an arm underneath his knee pits, clutching another around his back and lifting him. Will felt his cheeks glow in shame. To keep himself from slipping away, he wrapped an arm around Onyx' neck.

Onyx was tall and had a slender built, yet carrying Will seemed easy for him. He didn't dare to look at the boy's face; instead he stared at his knees.

"You're from around?" Onyx asked.

Twigs snapped and leaves shifted underneath his boots. The way Onyx tried to put him at ease made him feel safe around this stranger. After everything he'd been through, he'd often longed for protecting arms.

Again, a pink tinge spread across his cheeks. What a stupid thought – this boy wasn't like Hopper. Onyx was only a few years older than him.

"I moved to Willowdale recently," he answered quietly, mainly to distract himself from the chaos in his head. For a moment his cheek rested against Onyx' shoulder; however when he became aware of it he quickly pulled his head to the side.

He almost told the boy he was from Hawkins but changed his mind just in time. His birthplace had been in the news a lot lately, he didn't want anyone to connect him to the events that took place there.

He raised his head a little. To his relief he saw they were nearing the road. A shiny black bike was waiting for them. Carefully Onyx put him down, Will immediately grasped the vehicle. Now his foot was hanging down again the pain worsened, but he was steadfast not to show his pain.

The boy handed him the helmet that had been dangling down the handlebar. With one foot still in the air, his balance was a joke and when he let go of the bike to put on his helmet, he almost fell.

"Here, lemme do it." Onyx took the helmet from him, placing it on his

head. Skillfully he adjusted the straps, fastening them below Will's chin. His cold fingers slightly touched his skin, causing a strange feeling in Will's stomach.

Onyx returned Will's backpack to him, gestured for him to step back before swaying his leg over the bike.

"You ever been on a bike?"

He shook his head. It was so thrilling that the pain faded a bit. Slowly he climbed on the back of the Harley. One foot he placed steadily on the foot rest, the other with more caution.

"As long as you keep sitting up straight you'll be fine. Okay?"

Will nodded hesitantly when the boy looked over his shoulder, studying his face.

A smirk crossed Onyx's face. "Alright then! You want me to take you home or should I drop you at the ER?"

"No uhm – home is fine," he answered in a shaky voice. If the pain persisted, he could always visit a doctor later. He named his address.

"Okay." Onyx patted his knee. "Here we go."

The words had barely left his lips when the bike started to roar. Will placed his hands loosely on Onyx's sides, holding his breath.

After a few minutes he relaxed a bit. He dared to look around more and had to admit this was actually really cool. Adrenaline rushed through his veins and only when the bike pulled up in front of his house, he remembered his injury.

Carefully he slipped off the bike. It was only a few steps to the door, he would make it without help. A little awkwardly he looked at Onyx.

"Thank you," he said softly. His glance shot to the ice blue eyes of the boy. Will wasn't sure if it was because of the ride or the pain, but suddenly he felt a little nauseous.

"It was the least I could do. After all, I was the one startling you."

Right. What exactly had he been doing there anyway?

Before he could speak out the question – assuming he would have dared to do it in the first place – the rumbling of the bike flared up. Will limped backwards.

Onyx raised his hand, then he hit the gas and sped down the street. Will stared after him with a mixture of confusion and admiration. Only when he rounded a corner, he turned towards the door and limped towards it, wondering if he would ever see Onyx again.

2. Weak Souls

In case you had a little wtf-moment; I changed the name of the story from 'Gilded Black' into 'He is Mine' because it fits better. (:

"Opal?" Ivory stared into the antique mirror. "Opal!"

Once again, she didn't hear from him. Frustrated, she clenched her fists. She knew her brother could hear her; if Onyx had been here he would certainly have shown himself.

Not that she would know what to say to him if she *had* seen his face. There wasn't much news to tell him. But this mirror felt like the only connection to her world and she noticed how her former life started to feel more and more like a dream.

Being human started to take its toll. It frightened her. She didn't want to lose her memories, even though some were so painful a name was enough to torture her. But without memories... she was nothing. No one. That was even inhuman for a non-human creature.

Ivory turned away from the mirror, slipping out of her brother's room when she heard the front door open. She had no idea where he'd gone to. Nor did she care; he did his own thing anyway.

His eyes rested upon her as she sat down on the couch. He was always hard to read. Sometimes she believed he felt remorse. His body language told her, and she saw it in the way he could stare out of the window. He never said a word about it. She didn't ask about it.

He could return if he wanted.

He could.

They wouldn't make it easy for him, but she believed father would give him a second chance.

"I found him."

His voice dragged her out of her thoughts. She sat up a little

straighter. "You did?"

She had always been a bit skeptical about his ability to lure the boy to this town. In their homeland his powers were undisputed, but here... here nobody knew the exact effects.

He leaned against the dinner table, his ankles crossed. "I did."

"What was he like?"

Onyx shrugged his shoulders. "A loner. Young. Insecure. Not exactly a social genius."

She lifted the corner of her mouth. "As if you're describing yourself. Leaving out the insecure part, then."

He scowled at her.

She didn't let it distract her. "You found out anything?"

"He fell off a stairs and strained his ankle. Pain controlled his thoughts, so I couldn't make much sense of it. I did get a hold on some visions when I picked up his drawings. Something with dungeons and dragons, some role playing game if I interpreted it right. It felt like a loss, something he misses."

Ivory took in the information, nodding slowly.

At least that was something. A good starting point.

"Is the library still open?" she asked her brother, who spend an absurd amount of time there.

"Until 8."

"Shall we go there and see if we can find a book about that game? The sooner I have a connection with him, the better."

For a moment Onyx seemed to be lost in thoughts, then he nodded. "Okay."

Ivory put on her shoes and left the house, together with Onyx.

Outside she climbed on the back of his Harley and held his sides.

Ten minutes later they entered the library. Ivory hadn't been here a lot of times. Although her brother tried to learn about this world by reading books, she preferred observing people. Spending a year on a high school had certainly paid off. But this game... She had never heard anyone mention it.

Onyx led her to a shelf with books about leisure activities. His nails were tapping on the spines of the books as he read the titles. Ultimately, he pulled out two weighty looking tomes which he handed to her.

She stared at them. *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons*, was written on the cover in a graceful font. On the front the inside of some sort of temple was depicted, with a by fire surrounded bull-like creature that was worshiped by priests. She glanced at the other one. There was an illustration of a green dragon, its mouth opened while a warrior was lashing out at it.

Whatever it was – apparently it required a vivid imagination.

Sighing, Ivory turned page after page. Her eyes felt tired. She was reading for over an hour and she didn't understand much of it. All kinds of people and creatures were the described in it. Rubbing her face, she looked up to Onyx, who was laying stretched out on the couch. One arm was shoved underneath his head, his other hand holding a book above his face.

"Why don't you read the other book?" she complained. "Instead of whatever you're reading now?"

"Nah," he snorted. "This is your mission."

She rolled her eyes. "You want me to succeed too, right?"

"Hmm-hmm. But I'm in no hurry. I kinda like it around here."

Angrily, she gritted her teeth. "Easy for you to say, you still have your powers."

"And whose fault is that?"

"Yours!" Suddenly she could no longer keep her frustration to herself. "You betrayed me! You ratted on me!"

Onyx pushed himself away from the couch and got up. His light blue eyes changed colors; they became red as blood. A tremor spread through the floor and she flinched. Especially now she was unable to defend herself, she feared his outbursts.

"Sorry," she whispered, staring at the floor.

His ice cold fingers curled around her chin, lifting her head. His eyes were still glowing. "How dare you to speak of betrayal. I protected our people. It was your weak soul that almost destroyed us."

Tears were stinging in her eyes. Memories tumbling through her head, memories of Cyrus. "I loved him," she whispered.

"Love is for humans," he huffed. "You're a disgrace to our people."

She clenched her hands to fists, cursing her brother because he called love a weakness. It had required a terrible amount of courage to do what she had done. "I hope you fall in love too one day," she grumbled. "And that you will know the pain of losing someone in a brutal way."

She pushed her brother away and rushed to her room, tears streaming down her cheeks.

His hollow laughter followed her. "I'm damn sure that's never going to happen, little sister."

3. Making Friends

Will had hoped to arrive unnoticed at his new school. He failed; he was using crutches. Now he was not only the new kid, but also the new kid with crutches. Although he was used to people staring at him, things felt different than before. He could only guess to what other kids knew. Maybe nothing – or maybe they knew everything.

Will had intended to make at least one friend today, or at least to *talk* to someone. However, once lunch break started he hadn't spoken to anyone. El had been assigned to a different class and after walking to the lunch room he waited for her. It didn't take long before she waved at him from behind the table where she was sitting with three other girls.

Will felt like his stomach was flipping around. She had never been to school, and yet she was more social than he was. He didn't exactly look forward to sit around a table with four girls. Their giggling made him nervous; he'd never been good with girls. El was an exception. Max wasn't unfriendly either, but he knew she liked the other guys more than him.

However, sitting all by himself was neither something he wanted, so he walked over to the group of girls. They looked curiously at him. Awkwardly he sat down and stared at the table top when one of them offered him a smile.

"This is Will," El introduced him.

"Is he your brother?" a girl asked. Her voice was shrill, making him flinch.

"Sort of."

"Okay! Hi! I'm Melany!"

The words passed by unnoticed. Only when El subtly poked his side, he realized the girl had been speaking to him. Skittishly, he shook her hand.

"Hey, are you that boy that was believed to be dead?" another girl asked, her eyes wide. "My cousin told me he moved to Willowdale. They had even buried him, right?"

Uncomfortably, Will laced his fingers.

El chuckled, even though her tone told him it she was feigning it. "That has to be someone else. We're never involved in something interesting."

Will didn't dare to look up to the girls to see if they believed her. Probably not. There wouldn't be many Wills moving to this place. He glanced at the clock, hoping the break would be over soon.

It would take a little longer.

His eyes wandered across the room. He tried to assess if there were people that would like him. Kids like Mike, Lucas or Dustin. Outcasts, people with weird hobbies or simply nerds. There were a few misfits, he noticed, but he was too shy to walk over to them.

Suddenly, his neck started to itch painfully. A flash of fear traveled through his body. This sensation had always announced the presence of the Mind Flayer, but they had defeated that creature. He doubted there was *really* something triggering his fear; it might also be his trauma that was worsened by how uneasy he felt.

He turned his head to the left when he believed that's where the danger was coming from; where someone was leering at him. There was nothing to be seen; just students – seniors, he thought. He just wanted to divert his attention away when someone shoved back his chair, offering him sight on a dark haired boy who was sitting at a table alone. With his foot he leaned against another chair, a book leaning against his knee.

Onyx!

Again he experienced a strange feeling – but this time in his stomach, and it felt more like a nervous tingle. Suddenly he felt the urge to stand up, sat down next to him and ask about the book that he was reading. He didn't dare to. He had expected Onyx to be graduated a

while ago, but as it seemed he was still in his senior year. He was sitting all alone, although he didn't look lonely. It rather felt like he felt no need for small talk and preferred to read without being disturbed by others.

Will tore his glance away from the boy and started to eat his sandwiches in silence. Again and again his thoughts shot back to last Saturday, when the boy had been so helpful and sweet; carrying him to his motorcycle and taking him home. A tingling sensation spread through his chest, warm and a little nerve-wracking because it was something unknown to him.

His eyes flashed aside, his heart skipping a beat when they met Onyx's icy blue eyes. He wanted to smile to the boy, but his lips were quivering and he quickly cast his glance down. His cheeks started to glow and suddenly he felt immensely ashamed, without knowing why.

Although his appetite was gone, Will plucked at the bread. He missed his friends, who would have distracted him in a situation like this. Around him there were conversations as well, but he quietly wished Onyx would walk over to him to ask how his leg was.

It didn't happen. The buzzer announced the end of lunch break. Only when Will had studied his timetable and swung his bag over his shoulder, he dared to peek aside again.

The table where Onyx had been sitting was empty.

He was caught off guard by the disappointment he felt. What the hell had he been thinking? That Onyx wanted to be friends with him? He was four years younger, he was shy and he wasn't exactly the best company someone could wish for. That Onyx had helped him after his fall, meant nothing and feeling so upset now wasn't making any sense.

Trapped in his own thoughts he went looking for math class. Only when he had left the lunch room, he realized he had barely spoken to El. Although he didn't think she would be surprised; he was lost in his own little world the whole time. This wouldn't raise any questions in her, and if it did, she would probably keep them to herself.

When Will reached math class, the door was already open. He sat down at a table close to the window. He liked being able to look outside, if not he felt trapped. For a long time he stared at the clouds that slowly floated by, and the traffic driving by in front of the school. Only when he saw a movement from the corner of his eye, he looked aside.

"Do you mind if I sit next to you?" a black haired girl asked.

Will stared in bewilderment at her. Her eyes were ice blue, reminding him of Onyx immediately, just like her pale, smooth skin. He felt his cheeks flush when he realized he was thinking about the boy *again*, wondering if they really showed so many similarities or whether it was just in his head.

"Yeah, sure," he muttered softly – too softly. After clearing his throat, he repeated his answer.

She smiled while sitting down. "You're new, right?"

A bit awkwardly he scratched his thumbnail across a few carvings in the table. It felt like a unnecessary question. The school wasn't that big, so she surely knew.

"Yeah," he said nevertheless.

"My name is Ivory."

A little suspicious he studied the girl's face. Were all kids around here named after stones? No – that hadn't been the case with Melany.

"Will," he answered.

"I moved to this place around a year ago," she told him. "It takes time to get used around here, it feels like everyone knows each other their whole lives. Luckily I did make some friends. I can introduce you to some cool people if you like?"

Will doubted her definition of 'cool' would correspond to his. Although – she looked different than most girls he knew. She was wearing a black dress with tulle and small silver chains, and with her dark make-up she reminded him of the few gothic people that had

been on his former school. As went with most subgroups, Will had no problem with them; he actually respected everyone who dared to be different.

Slowly, a smile tugged at his lips. Maybe this was the friend he'd been wishing for. She might be a girl, but she surely wasn't the giggly type like the girls that had been with El a few minutes ago.

"Yeah, sure," he said hesitantly.

"Cool!" She flashed him another smile, taking her bag from the floor and taking out her books.

Will noticed how pale her skin was. There was a strange hue over it, like she was made of porcelain.

"What happened to your foot?" she asked after putting all her stuff at display.

Her question made him feel uncomfortable, even though it was a normal question. But *many, many* questions had been asked him when he had escaped from the Upside Down, and ever since, other people's curiosity made the walls around him grow fast.

"I fell," he answered. "Of a wall."

"Is it broken?"

He shook his head. "No, just strained. But it might still take six weeks before it's healed."

"That sucks. You walked with crutches all holiday long?"

He shook his head. "No – only since yesterday."

Her eyes met his. She seemed to sense that her questions didn't help him to feel comfortable and she kept silent, offering him an understanding smile.

Will was grateful to her. Most girls never knew when to stop talking, but she seemed different than any girl he'd ever met. And he liked it – people who were different and who didn't get spooked by people

like him. Maybe he wouldn't have to spend all his lunch breaks alone or intruding himself upon El the whole time.